P.S.

If - you are driving Clive back -
Monday - but don't -
come both of you + lunch here.
Let me know
And Harold.
Why do I like Harold so
much?
Does Harold like me?
These remarks are
all strictly
Private
-

Sunday

Hugh Walpole is dining here on Friday.

Will you come?

Please do.

And let me know AT ONCE (as I must get someone) — or as soon as you can.

VW

Virginia

in haste

And when shall I see you?

If you like to telephone, ~~I~~ I shall be here before 10?

Monks House,
Rodmell. Friday

Yes it's odd, as you say, how the crowded nights precede by the empty day. The only consolation at the moment is that Leonard has gone up for the day this week, so our intercourse would have been limited. Ah the same, here I am alone, shivering, crouching over the fire; & we might have talked about English prose.

I've seen too many people, & talked too much. & I've no time now to write this: am 6 times over, & I had meant. Ye: that stick in my throat; that I bubble. I'm going to publish a poem in future. Dont, dearest, thank you most pray me compliments. I've a very low opinion going writing at the moment. This comes of correcting proofs: it's all bounce & jerk: I want this a thread like a spider.

Where did you meet Lord Faye? Shall you marry him? Clive hinted that he knew, & I knew, about a night in the country last yesterday; but we were both very discreet.

Oh Lord! Stock broken 2 mowers. I

wish I could see no one till October – & thinking some one whose name has a V. in it – which may mean Vanessa, maybe it.

Be sure to come Thursday, as early as you can. You must come, even if Leonard don't spend the night away. And write again before that, honey, do. When's your book out? Not in September so that I could review it for America? Any news from Foreign Office? I've been reading Katherine Mansfield with a mixture of sentiment & horror. What odd stuff I've had – yes & she –

Your Virginia

Feb 11. 1930

Monday

52, Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Oh damn, I came back from Bridmell with the flu & am in bed. I'm afraid I can't dine on Thursday. I suppose you wouldn't come to tea tomorrow? — only if I'm normal though — (Leonard had it too) But you shan't run any risk. Perhaps you would ring up. It would be very nice to see you. Virginia

Monks House. Tuesday

Leonard has just decided to stay till Saturday, so I don't think there's much use in asking you. I hope you didn't put anything off. It was to have gone on Thursday — week. I shall see you next week. I think I shall come up with Leon on Saturday. I'm feeling — this is Keats? However, I'm telling him like an old clothes bag.

Poor Lad! I wish Laurence hadn't died — you're more than I am: makes me feel in the way, though I never read him for pleasure. Both — & then the

damnable hypocrisy of the lapers.

Love

Let me know when
you'll come, a few instant will be ravaged
by the rapacity of Ethel Smyth

V. Woolf

I do hope you didn't order any plans with a view
to coming

NYPL